THE

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OR

EDINBURGH AMUSEMENT.

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MEMOIRS *of His Excellency* SIR HENRY CLINTON, *Knight Companion of the Moſt Honourable Order of the Bath; General and Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's Forces in North America; one of the Commiſſioners appointed to reſtore Peace to the rebellious Colonies of America; Colonel of the* 12*th Regiment of Foot; Governor of Limerick, in Ireland; Groom of the Bed-chamber to his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Glouceſter; and Member of Parliament for the Borough of Newark.*

IT is with particular pleaſure that we enter on the Memoirs of this very diſtinguiſhed officer, whoſe advancement in the profeſſion of Arms to the exalted ſtation which he now holds with ſo much advantage to the nation, and dignity to himſelf, has been more the reſult of a ſeries of honourable ſervices, than the effect of intereſt or favour that his birth and connections might have created for him at James's.

He has been in the army from his early youth, and has, on every dangerous occaſion, ſignalized his perſonal courage, his zeal and attention to the ſervice of his country, and his particular obſervance and chearful execution of his General's commands.—In the laſt war his regiment ſerved in Germany; and there, in a very particular manner, he won the eſteem and friendſhip of the Hereditary Prince of Brunſwick, to whoſe intereſts he particularly attached himſelf, and from whom he received innumerable tokens of regard.

Sir Henry Clinton is deſcended from the very antient and honourable Houſe of Lincoln. He is ſon of the late Admiral Clinton, and couſin of the Earl of Lincoln, who, by a marriage with Lucy, the ſiſter of Thomas Holles Pelham, Duke of Newcaſtle, introduced that title, on the latter's deceaſe, into the Lincoln family, and which is now poſſeſſed by his ſon Henry, to whom Sir Henry Clinton is uncle.—He is of low ſtature, dark eye-brows, and of a moſt penetrating comprehenſive eye. His judgment is nervous, and his conceptions exceedingly quick. His humanity has endeared him to the ſoldiery, and his long experience and approved ſkill in arms has ſtamped a currency on his opinions, that ſerves to recommend his meaſures to undiſputed acceptation among the officers inferior in com-

mand—a circumſtance neceſſary to the ſucceſs of military operations; for a reliance on the judgment of the commander gives an alacrity and increaſed vigour to the minds of the commanded, that diminiſhes danger, and enables a general to undertake and accompliſh objects that might have been deemed impracticable, if a ſuſpicion of the meaſure had given riſe to previous diſquiſitions on the ſubject. This was the conduct of the ſchool in which he acquired his military knowledge.—Prince Ferdinand adopted meaſures, and commanded attempts, that would not admit of narrow inveſtigation. The ſucceſs of his plans reſted, perhaps, more on the vigour with which they were carried into execution, than the wiſdom on which they were formed. Was a quick movement to be made—a dangerous expedition to be attempted—or a poſt or party to be hazarded—they were none of his ſoldiers who heſitated in the execution, to debate on the propriety, poſſibility, or danger of the plan: General Clinton received the fulleſt aſſurance from his Serene Highneſs, that he did not look on him as a debater. Still finding him the brave, active, enterpriſing officer, the Prince held him in the moſt honourable eſteem, and ſpoke of him on all occaſions in terms of reſpect.

During the whole of the preſent unnatural conteſt with America, Sir Henry Clinton has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in a very particular manner; and though he is now rewarded for his ſervices with the principal command, he has, like moſt other of the officers engaged on that ſervice, experienced ſomewhat of the ungenerous and uncandid treatment of his employer. The cauſe of the miſcarriage of the attack on Charleſtown, has never yet been made known by thoſe whoſe buſineſs it was to ſatisfy the public, and who undoubtedly were acquainted of it.—But many were the calumnies and invectives thrown out on Sir Henry Clinton's conduct in that unfortunate affair.

Our readers may imagine that the General did not ſit eaſy beneath this abuſe; but his zeal for the cauſe induced him to ſerve out the campaign.—In obedience to a recal from General Howe, he returned to New-York with the forces under his command.—The 1ſt of December, he ſailed from New-York, in conjunction with Sir Peter Parker, to make a deſcent upon Rhode Iſland for the full poſſeſſion of it, and for the ſecurity of the town and harbour. The rebels abandoned the works about the town of Newport, which was immediately taken poſſeſſion of. The campaign being cloſed, he procured leave of abſence, and the command of Rhode Iſland devolving on Lord Percy, he haſtened to return to England to wipe away every aſperſion of miſconduct, that the mutilated account in the Gazette, of his deſcent on Sullivan's Iſland, had created. He found the miniſters inclined to give him any ſecret palliation for their conduct, but unwilling, or rather, as they confeſſed, incapable of doing him open juſtice. A great *Perſonage*, however, ſtepped in, and the matter was compromiſed—He was honoured with a *Red Ribbon*, and a promiſe of further favour.

He returned to New-York in the month of May; and an intention being formed to penetrate through the Jerſies to Philadelphia, he was, on the 5th of July, left in the command at New York. General Howe having altered his expedition, and thought proper to embark his troops for the Cheſapeak, as ſoon as Sir Henry heard that the General in Chief was landed on Elk River, he made a diverſion in his favour in the Jerſies, whereby he kept the enemy's attention in ſome degree withdrawn, and their force divided from the main object of the campaign. His incurſion was ſo far ſucceſsful; and at the ſame time he collected a number of cattle, ſheep, and horſes, which proved a ſeaſonable refreſhment to the troops, and a very ſevere loſs to the enemy.

On the 4th of October he embarked 3000 men on board the frigates and gallies to go up the North River, and make an attack on Forts Clinton, Montgomery, &c. On the 6th both theſe forts were ſtormed with a very inconſiderable loſs. Fort Conſtitution was abandoned, and a ſtrong hold, called the Continental Village, was burnt to the ground. The return of cannon, ſtores, ammunition, &c. taken and deſtroyed on this expedition, ſwelled the account of this ſucceſs, which indeed was conſtrued to be rather pompous.—His letter in the Gazette abounded with a number of military terms as unintelligible to the bulk of mankind as the book of futurity. The technical expreſſions, "avant garde—detour—debouchee—aportee—abattis—barbet battery, &c." ſo frequently occur, that, without conſidering that the letter was directed to a ſoldier, (it being

written to Sir William Howe), they began to condemn his ſtyle as much as they had on the former occaſion his inattention.

Sir Henry Clinton was included in the liſt of promotions on the 6th of September, to the rank of *Lieutenant-General* in the army; an advancement as deſervedly his right, and as honourable to the ſervice, as any one of the long catalogue of promotions that took place on that day. He became the favourite of adminiſtration; and their writers did not fail to hold him up in terms of the warmeſt panegyric. It ſo happens, that *their* friendſhip is generally as dangerous as their enmity; and though their praiſes, in this inſtance, could not affect the military reputation of Sir Henry, founded as it was on the broad baſis of experimental trial, yet it naturally affected the cauſe, and hurt the ſervice, becauſe it was meant as a collateral ſarcaſm on the very worthy and amiable officer Sir William Howe. General Clinton knew how to receive theſe ill-timed compliments, and being in the cleareſt underſtanding with Sir William, they did not work the ſmalleſt interruption to their friendſhip.

The behaviour of the miniſtry, however, determining Sir William Howe to quit the command, Sir Henry Clinton embarked on board his Majeſty's ſhip the Greyhound, for Philadelphia, where he arrived on the 9th of May 1778, and on the departure of the Commander in Chief for England, took the general command of the forces in America; and, purſuant to his Majeſty's inſtructions, on the 18th of June, at three o'clock in the morning, he evacuated Philadelphia, and proceeded with the whole army to Glouceſter Point, without being followed by the enemy: from thence he paſſed acroſs the Delaware, covered and ſecured by the excellent diſpoſition of the Admiral in his favour. His march pointed equally to the Hudſon's River and Staten Iſland, by the Raritan; and having received intelligence that Generals Waſhington and Lee had paſſed the Delaware with their army, had aſſembled a numerous militia from all the neighbouring provinces, and that Gates, with an army from the northward, was advancing to join them on the Raritan,—he ſuppoſed that their views were directed againſt his baggage.

Thinking, however, it poſſible that the event might draw to a general action, he made a diſpoſition of attack upon the plain; but before he could advance, the enemy fell back, and took a ſtrong poſition on the heights above Freehold. The heat of the weather was intenſe, and the men already ſpent with fatigue; but it was neceſſary to make a vigorous exertion. The Britiſh grenadiers and the guards began the attack with ſuch ſpirit, that the enemy gave way. Their ſecond line ſtood the attack with greater obſtinacy, but were alſo compleatly routed. By this time his men were ſo overpowered with fatigue, that he could preſs the affair no further, eſpecially as he was confident the end was gained for which the attack was made.

This engagement has been variouſly conſidered: For though it terminated to the advantage of the royal army in the field, yet the decampment by night was conſtrued into a retreat, and the Americans do not heſitate to ſay, that the backwardneſs of General Lee alone was the occaſion of their being driven from the two ſtrong poſitions they had taken.—That general has been ſince tried by a court-martial; the ſentence of which has declared him incapable of holding in future any military employ in the ſervice of the States.

Sir Henry arrived, free from any further moleſtation, at New York, and quartered his army in that city and Iſland, and on Staten and Long Iſlands; where it is ſuppoſed they will remain for the winter.

Our Miniſters, we believe, have now relinquiſhed all hopes of ſucceſs from the Commiſſioners' negociations with the Congreſs.—If therefore, it is determined to carry on the war with vigour by land as formerly, and to reinforce the army, as it is ſaid, with 25,000 men,—we will venture to pronounce, that no Britiſh General on the liſt is fitter to command that army, and bring the war to a ſpeedy and happy concluſion, than Sir Henry Clinton.

The CHARACTER *of the Mogul Emperor* AURENGZEB, *who died in the year* 1707.—*From the Hiſtory of the Revolutions in the Arabian Empire. By the* Abbe de Marigni.

AURENGZEB had nothing majeſtic in his perſon, his aſpect was meagre, but his eyes were quick and ſparkling, and ſeemed to penetrate every breaſt upon which they were turned. His countenance was ſo ſeldom influenced

by the emotions of his mind, that he appeared to be inſenſible both of joy and grief; and his purpoſe was as effectually concealed as his paſſions; for his whole policy was founded on diſſimulation, in which he was ſo great a maſter, that he could hide, under what external appearance he pleaſed, all that paſſed in his breaſt, which was ever inacceſſible by the keeneſt penetration, and was never diſcloſed to his wife, his children, or his friends. He has been celebrated for the regularity of his manners, which were formed upon the ſtricteſt principles of morality; for his conſtant attendance on public worſhip, in which his behaviour was an example to the moſt devout; for his abſtinence from wine, and his contempt of thoſe pleaſures which were neither criminal in themſelves, nor forbidden by any poſitive inſtitution, and appeared always buſied in the diſcharge of his duty. When he was only viceroy of Decan, he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of civil and military government with the greateſt diligence, and liſtened to thoſe whom he believed able to inſtruct him, not only with attention but pleaſure. His deportment was ſolemn, he ſpake little, and affected great plainneſs in his furniture, in his apparel, and his equipage, ſo that in the whole of his appearance there was an auſterity and ſimplicity that diſcovered rather the philoſopher than the prince. But ambition, was, notwithſtanding, the firſt motive of all his actions, and urged him to commit the moſt flagitious enormities. He heſitated at nothing that opened his way to the throne, nor was any duty, moral or divine, a ſufficient barrier againſt the execution of his deſigns. He diſregarded even the voice of the public; he frequently rendered religion itſelf ſubſervient to the vileſt purpoſes, and his ſucceſs was generally the effect of cunning and deceit. The merit of others, even of his children, gave him pain, and every ſucceſsful event, in which he was not intereſted, he regarded with regret. He was totally deſtitute of clemency, generoſity and gratitude, and wholly poſſeſſed by avarice, ſuſpicion, and cruelty. His genius was unbounded, and he could concenter the moſt important projects in one point of view, ſo as to ſee every difficulty with which they were embarraſſed, and all poſſible means by which the execution of them might be facilitated. Bribery, treachery, and poiſon, he ſaid, were the moſt ſpeedy and certain means to deliver him from his enemies, and to preſerve the lives of his ſoldiers; and his ability to practice theſe deteſtable maxims was ſo aſtoniſhing, that it was almoſt impoſſible to elude his cunning, or render his ſtratagems ineffectual. His penetration and preſence of mind in preſſing exigencies were ſo much beyond the attainment of others, and his expedients were ſo numerous and ſucceſsful, that he was generally believed to be in compact with ſome powerful and evil ſpirit.

Upon the whole, he was utterly devoid of virtue as a principle of action; he was an hypocrite and impoſtor, who ſported with the laws both of God and man. If he was frugal, ſober, modeſt, or devout, he was ſo either from habit, conſtitution, or policy: his conſtitution made temperance abſolutely neceſſary to the preſervation of his life, and this he diſplayed with oſtentation, as it gave him occaſion to puniſh intemperance in others, who had ſtronger allurements and weaker motives for reſiſtance. When his intereſt, or his jealouſy, his revenge, his avarice, or his ambition were to be gratified at the expence of life, he made the advancement of religion, or the good of the ſtate, a pretence to cut off his enemies, and his friends were not always exempted. The terror even of his name was at length ſufficient to maintain the tranquility of his dominions, to preclude the projects of his ſons, and to keep them in continual awe, dependence, and apprehenſion. He was an unnatural ſon, a cruel parent, a perfidious friend, and a formidable enemy; treacherous, perjured, unmerciful, avaricious, deceitful, and univerſally hated.

To finiſh the portrait of Aurengzeb, I ſhall add only one ſtroke, which, as it is a fact, may heighten the general reſemblance. By an edict which he publiſhed, all the faquirs were ordered to aſſemble themſelves, on a certain day, on a large plain, that he might do himſelf the pleaſure of dining with them. Having commanded a vaſt number of new caſſocks to be got ready, he made a preſent of one to every faquir, bidding them to ſtrip off the old ones, and to throw them in a heap. The faquirs were unwilling at firſt to comply with this requeſt, but the emperor would be obeyed, and cauſed them all to be burnt to aſhes. This bonfire brought a good ſum of money into his coffers. He was no ſtranger to the riches of theſe pretended monks; he knew them to be great collectors of alms, and

that they had, for ſecurity, quilted them in the folds of their caſſocks; ſuch was the ſpring of his generoſity to the poor ſaquirs.

"*He has as many lives as a Cat.*"

A Scrap of Proſe by the late ingenious BONNEL THORNTON, *Eſq;*

[Written in the Year 1762.]

Vivimus tanquam moriturum non ſimus.
SENECA.

"HE has as many lives as a cat," ſaid a gentleman, the other day, in company, ſpeaking of his friend, who had run through a perpetual courſe of riot and debauchery, and had juſt recovered from a violent fever, occaſioned by his intemperance. The thought ſtruck me, that too many indeed ſeem to be as regardleſs of their preſent exiſtence, as if they imagined they could die more than once. I purſued the thought ſtill farther, and concluded that the greateſt part of mankind, were they even poſſeſſed of as many lives (we will ſay) as a cat, would be indifferent to them all; at leaſt, they would wantonly throw away the eight, however careful and ſtudious ſome of them might be to preſerve the laſt.

Suppoſe a man then to have as many lives as a cat, let us ſee what glorious uſe he would make of this extraordinary priviledge. Muſt it not be a great incitement to him to hazard them repeatedly upon honourable and virtuous occaſions? I grant it; it muſt likewiſe be granted to me, that they would be equally laviſhed away upon trivial, diſhonourable, and wicked occaſions.

Alexander, had he had nine times nine lives to loſe, would have riſked every jot of them to conquer as many worlds.—Let me aſk, whether the King of Pruſſia would not as chearfully run the ſame hazard? But would—and—(O that Engliſhmen could not fill up the blank!) have done the ſame. Perhaps they might have ventured ſome portion of their precious lives; perhaps they might have poured out ſome of the vapid mixture, drop by drop, ſtill careful of the laſt dregs; they, perhaps, like the miſer, who plays for gain, might have been tempted to ſtake a little of their fortune, but could never have been prevailed on, like the bold and generous gameſter, to throw for the whole. They, in fine, would ſcarcely have ſet (to borrow an expreſſion of Shakeſpeare) "even one of their nine lives on the hazard of the die."

On the other ſide, let us take a view of thoſe brethren of the blade, to whom the one life, which is ſparingly beſtowed on us mortals, ſeems ſcarce worth the having. I ſuppoſe it to appear to them, from their readineſs to reſign it themſelves, or to take it away from others, upon any occaſion; or, if you will, (in the Hibernian phraſe) upon no occaſion at all, at all. One inſtance ſhall ſerve. Suppoſe there are eighteen lives between us. I tread upon your toe. Satisfaction is demanded, and is honourably given, by your firing at my brains, which are miſſed. We have lives enough to ſpare, and you have a noſe left for to pull: I handle it: in conſequence I fire at your brains, and can't hit them. What then is to be done? Why nothing is to be done. Only you are to kick me, that's all. I turn about, draw my ſword, and, like men of honour, we muſt each of us loſe one of our nine lives, before we part friends. I am, indeed, ſenſible, that the punctilios of nice honour would induce the profeſſors of it to aſk the gentleman-like queſtion, before the engagement, "Pray, Sir, how many lives have you to loſe?" And there is no doubt, upon a diſparity, but that the ſeconds would take care the principals ſhould be ſo far upon an equality, that the longeſt-to-be-liver ſhould be firſt put to death as often as was neceſſary, till the combatants were, in that reſpect, at par.

It muſt, undoubtedly, be allowed me, where the antagoniſts are equal, or made equal by the foregoing methods, that one or other of the parties would nine times kill, or nine times be killed, provided he has reaſon to cry out with Othello,

"Though all his hairs were lives,
My great revenge has ſtomach for them all."

The bravery of a man fighting a duel with himſelf, without ſecond or antagoniſt, vulgarly called ſelf-murder, is frequently manifeſted even in our preſent ſtate of exiſtence, where we have but one life to loſe. It muſt, therefore, be granted, on the ſuppoſition of our lives being multiplied to nine, that ſuicide would become a general faſhion amongſt us, though, in eight inſtances out of nine, it would betray a meanneſs of ſpirit. We

ſhould never be induced to believe a man tired of himſelf in real earneſt, though he had got rid of himſelf ever ſo often, except he fairly ſent himſelf out of the world for the ninth and laſt time.

Let us ſuppoſe, for inſtance, that a man of quality has had a run of ill luck at the hazard table: to be ſure, he would ſhoot himſelf through the head directly. Upon his reviving, he tries his fortune a ſecond time; and is reduced to the neceſſity of running himſelf thro' the heart. After his recovery, he is obliged repeatedly to make uſe of the ſame, or other methods, that the loſſes of his lives may be even with the loſſes of his eſtate. Would not this unhaſty behaviour ſhew a love for his precious lives, ſince he would not put an end to all nine of them directly, one after another?

To prove ſuch behaviour to be quite mean and vulgar, let us farther ſuppoſe, that a cobler jerks his awl up between the third and fourth rib. (I kill my heroes with the ſame preciſion as is uſed by Homer.) A barber takes a clean ſtroke under the chin. A taylor "makes a *quietus* with a bare bodkin." I ſhall have my ſhoes heel-pieced, my beard ſhaved, and my doublet mended notwithſtanding. The alluſion is too obvious about the *end* and the *laſt*; but I hope to be indulged on this ſubject, in conſidering my taylor, not without propriety, as the ninth part of a man.

Many, many inſtances might be thought of to evince, that a man endowed with the lives of a cat would get quit of the incumbrance of the ſupernumerary ones as faſt as poſſible. Take a lover, for example, without a metaphor; he would be ſo much enamoured as literally to die many times for the ſame, or ſome other miſtreſs. We will ſuppoſe (what is mere ſuppoſition) a conſtant inamorato, upon the leaſt ſlight or indifference, ſuch as a frown or a box on the ear, my ſwain hurries away to Roſamond's pond. After drowning, he riſes up tolerably cooled. On another occaſion, he ſurveys the trees in the dark walk at Vauxhall, picks out a ſtout branch, and with the leiſure of your true lovers melancholy, unties his garters; at laſt he tucks himſelf up, and dangles till an happy pair come in his way, and he is cut down. The lady, after all this proof of his affection, is ſtill ſtony-hearted: he dies and dies on for her: and having put himſelf out of his eight exiſtences, can he be blamed, if he reſerve the precious one ſtill remaining, for a beauty, or a fortune, or a woman of quality,—or his maid.

Suppoſe again (for there can be no end of ſuch like ſuppoſitions) that I am an author: my works, indeed, I flatter myſelf will live after me; but though I had all the lives of a cat, through each of them I might lead the life of a dog. My garret (we will ſay) has inſpired me to ſoar ſo high as to attempt a ſublime ode, or epic poem. I am let down by its want of ſale. The beam acroſs my chamber is very inviting, and at leaſt the bed cords remaining. I am afterwards lowered to humble proſe. My publiſher will not afford me even ſmall-beer, and I chuſe to have my fill of water by a plunge into the river Thames. After ſinking and ſoaring (we will ſuppoſe) for eight times alternately, I at laſt ſit down contented in a jail, to ſupply copy, ſcrap by ſcrap, as the printer's little imp calls for it; ſince, as the proverb has it, "he muſt needs go whom the devil drives."

I ſhall ſay very little of the bold methods which bucks and bloods would take delight in, to ſhorten their lives, were they ever ſo many: for theſe are obvious, and continually practiſed, even in the preſent narrow ſpace of their exiſtence. How often would a choice ſpirit (for example) be literally dead drunk? would he ſcruple to lay his lives down, one after the other, under the table, as long as he could be certain he ſhould riſe up, and ſtand upon his legs again? The debauchees of every character would, doubtleſs, be as haſty to get rid of his load of lives as he is at preſent neglectful in preſerving his ſingle one.

Upon this principle, of each individual enjoying a multiplicity of lives, let us farther conſider, how a nation, or ſociety, or community of them might exiſt. It may, I know, be urged, that Fielding himſelf, and all the ſitting aldermen put together, would not be ſufficient to ſupport the police. A man, you will ſay, would riſk being hanged eight different times, for eight different capital offences, reſolving to be very honeſt afterwards, for the remainder of his lives. Granted. But, in ſuch a caſe, it is moſt probable, the wiſdom of the legiſlature would direct, that a convict ſhould be ſentenced "to be hanged like a cat, till he were dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead."

I went to bed after having written thus

for, reflecting that no man ſhould be entitled to a ſecond exiſtence (I mean in our mortal ſtate) without making a proper uſe of his firſt. This reflection was ſo ſtrongly impreſſed upon my mind, that I am able to employ the ſucceeding morning in ſetting down the particulars of a dream occaſioned by it.

I imagined that every one was indulged with a privilege after death of having his exiſtence renewed: but with this reſtriction, that he could prove he had not forfeited his former life by not ſetting a proper value upon it. I accordingly conceived myſelf in a ſort of court of claims, where a number of us were brought by death, in order to be examined about our pretenſions to be revivified. The ſight of the croud ſtruck me with horror. Some appeared to be covered with blains and blotches; ſome quite emaciated; and ſome with bloated carcaſſes. One bore the marks of a tight knot under the left ear, another had his ſkull ſhattered to pieces. Milton's deſcription of a lazar-houſe falls ſhort of what I then thought I ſaw.

Truth and juſtice were the examinants, and the candidates for a new life underwent a ſtrict ſcrutiny.—The firſt that I obſerved called before them, ſtepped up with a bold air, and claimed a new exiſtence, on account of having died for his country. The plea was not approved of; for a common ſoldier, who had fallen in the ſame battle, depoſed that he himſelf ſhot him in an engagement, where the enemy was inferior, at the inſtant that this commander had ordered a retreat. The ſoldier was directly re-inſtated into life.

A jolly perſonage was next examined, and he pretended that he was accidentally choaked by a turtle-fin, though the newſpapers had attributed his death to an apoplectic fit. It being proved upon him, that he had dined the day before, and eat heartily upon turbot and veniſon, and that he had drank plentifully of old hock and claret, the court decreed that he had died of a ſurfeit, and refuſed to indulge him in any more good living.

The next was an old decrepid figure, ſeemingly worn out with age and cares. His ſuit for the renewal of his life was, in compaſſion to him, rejected: becauſe it plainly appeared, that he had already dragged out a moſt miſerable one, and had actually died of want in the midſt of abundance. His ſon put in a petition for re-exiſtence at the ſame time, ſetting forth, that he was reduced, by the mean ſpirit of his father, to die an untimely death at Tyburn. The compaſſion of the court, in not ſuffering him to live again, was alſo extended to the young gentleman, on account of his tender years, there being little doubt but that he would come to the ſame untimely end, let his lives be renewed ever ſo often.

A blunt fellow, not leſs than ſix feet high, next inſiſted upon being reſtored to life. Another, of the ſame make, and for the ſame reaſon, inſiſted upon the like. They had each of them, in an honourable way, put the other to death. It was determined, upon hearing both parties ſeparately, that neither of them ſhould run the riſk of being put to death again, as neither of them would allow that the other deſerved to live.

An horrid ſpectacle next preſented itſelf. He moſt earneſtly requeſted to enjoy again that being which he confeſſed he had raſhly and deſperately got rid of. His requeſt was not granted, becauſe it was certain that the ſame would be repeated upon the ſlighteſt occaſion.

I obſerved, in imagination, even ſome ladies of quality, who wiſhed to have their beauty renewed, together with their lives. Moſt of them had died in public places, where they went for the recovery of their health.

My dream was put an end to all on a ſudden, by being myſelf ſummoned to give a reaſon why I ſhould be glad to exiſt again. I pleaded guilty, and awaked upon ſentence being pronounced, that I ſhould ſtarve again, as an author.

MEMOIRS *of Mrs* MARY PORTER, *a celebrated Actreſs.*

THOUGH we are well aſſured from theatrical hiſtory, that Mrs Porter was the capital actreſs in tragedy, during the fortunate triumvirate of Booth, Wilkes and Cibber's management, yet it ſeems extraordinary the laſt-mentioned performer, in the Apology for his life, has ſcarcely taken any notice of her, but to lament her quitting the ſtage, occaſioned by diſlocating a limb, from her being overturned in a chaiſe.

This ſhews that managers and authors have their favourites, like miniſters; that it is not always that a character is *not worth reading* becauſe it is *not recorded.*

Mrs Mary Porter was the daughter of

Mr Samuel Porter; ſhe loſt her father too early to have any knowledge of him, and was ſeparated from her mother when very young.

Her mother marrying Mr Porter privately, without her parents' conſent, her father, Mr Nicholas Mercator, being a German, and a man of letters, went, ſoon after his daughter's marriage, diſguſted, into France, and died there. He took with him all his family, except his new married daughter, and his eldeſt ſon Mr David Mercator, who was then one of the clerks belonging to the office of Ordnance of the Tower in London. This gentleman, after the death of his father, took care of his niece, without correſponding with his ſiſter; for which reaſon Mrs Porter's mother removed her from her uncle, and put her into Bartholomew fair, where, the very firſt time of her appearance, in acting the part of the *Fairy Queen*, Mrs Barry and Mrs Bracegirdle took ſo great a liking to her, that, upon their repreſentation of her performance, Mr Betterton admitted her into the theatre, and they treated her with the moſt tender indulgence by boarding her with Mrs Smith, ſiſter to the treaſurer of the playhouſe, whoſe care of her, ſhe afterwards acknowledged, was of the moſt natural kind.—Thus we find the public owed the abilities of a woman, who was for many years the firſt capital actreſs in tragedy of her day, to two other female tragedians, Mrs Barry and Mrs Bracegirdle; a rare inſtance of female friendſhip in their profeſſion, and ſhould be an example to ſilence that little envy, which ſhoots up too frequently amongſt people in the ſame line of buſineſs, but much more ſo when that buſineſs is theatrical.

Mrs Porter, in her perſon, was rather plain, and had naturally a bad voice; yet, being young on the ſtage, poſſeſſing great natural power, and, above all, under the tuition of ſuch excellent actreſſes as Mrs Barry and Mrs Bracegirdle, ſhe enlarged it into ſufficient force not only to fill the theatre, but to render it agreeably harmonious.—Victor, who ſpeaks of her, ſaid, ſhe ſtill retained a tremor, which occaſionally ſtuck to her voice, and which nothing but cuſtom could reconcile.

By labour, and practice too in her profeſſion, ſhe not only took off the ill impreſſion of a very plain figure, but acquired an elevated dignity in her mein, and threw a ſpirited propriety into all her characters. She was likewiſe miſtreſs of the pathetic, two qualities rarely united in one actreſs, but which ſhe poſſeſſed in ſo eminent a degree, that her fame was, through the courſe of many years, balanced between thoſe two very oppoſite characters, Hermione and Belvidera.

Having thus gleaned all the particulars of Mrs Porter's birth and education, as well as of her profeſſional merits, juſtice demands of us (and ſome people perhaps may be ill-natured enough to ſay, *curioſity* ſhould induce us) to acquaint the public, that her private life was never blown upon by the breath of ſcandal; inſomuch that, whenever the voice of illiberality lumped all the women of the ſtage, as of one ſtamp, in point of morals, (like the late Mrs Pritchard) Mrs Porter was admitted an exception. Upon this we will make but one remark, that though we believe there *were*, and *are*, many women on the ſtage perfectly *virtuous*, beſides either of theſe mentioned ladies, yet the generality of the remark plainly tells, how exceedingly circumſpect and particular they muſt be in the conduct of their theatrical lives, to *extort from the public* a kind of excluſion from that general, yet wanton cenſure, too frequently caſt upon the circle of female performers.

She retired from the ſtage about that period, which had nearly been fatal to the profeſſion, about 1733, after the death of Wilkes, Mrs Oldfield, and other celebrated names: the cauſe of her retirement Cibber ſtates in the following words:

"About the ſame time too (alluding to the time we have juſt mentioned) Mrs Porter, then in her higheſt reputation for tragedy, was loſt to us by the diſlocating a limb from the overturning of a chaiſe." She enjoyed this retirement many years with great propriety, living very genteelly in her old age, on the laudable and virtuous induſtry of her youth.

[THE publication of the papers relative to the negociation betwixt Lord Bute and the late Lord Chatham, [P.103.] has given riſe to a correſpondence (thro' the channel of the London Chronicle) between the ſons of the two noble lords, Lord Mountſtuart and the Hon. William Pitt, in defence of their reſpective fathers.—Though the ſubject is not generally intereſting, yet ſome of our Readers may be curious to know the *real ſtate* (or rather all the

different ſtates) of that tranſaction, from perſons ſo nearly connected with the parties.]

Extract of LORD MOUNTSTUART'S *Letter.*

—THE relations given by Sir James Wright and Dr Addington, relative to the negociation between the two noble lords, being inconſiſtent, it was thought proper that a full abſtract ſhould be prepared of their reſpective papers, including my father's own account of his part in Sir James Wright's tranſaction, and digeſted into ſome method. This abſtract, or digeſt, was executed by a friend at my requeſt, in a fair ſtate of the allegations on both ſides between Sir James and the Doctor: And my friend's compilation hath been read by a few people; but no copy, as I am informed, hath been delivered out of my family, except one, which had been intended for a very near relation, and was ſent to Lady Chatham, with copies of Sir James Wright's papers, at her Ladyſhip's own deſire. To theſe communications, I underſtand, it is immediately owing, that the authentic account printed in your paper was judged indiſpenſibly neceſſary to be drawn up and circulated; of which Lady Chatham was ſo good as to furniſh my father with a copy thirteen or fourteen days before it appeared in print; ſo that I, who conſider myſelf as being in ſome degree the cauſe of the publication, am for this reaſon called upon to take a public notice of it, if my connection, and the nature of the occaſion, did not afford me ſufficient inducement and excuſe for ſo doing.

The account is avowed expreſsly to be drawn up from papers in poſſeſſion of the Earl of Chatham's family, in order to ſhew whether the ſuppoſed negotiation did or did not originate from his Lordſhip: ſo that the papers are confeſſedly furniſhed by the Earl's family for the purpoſe of compoſing this account, which therefore bears the ſtamp of that family's authority, whether printed by their direction or not.

The account cloſes with the following obſervation, viz. "From this unambiguous and authentic account, founded on indiſputable evidence, every impartial perſon will determine whether the following propoſition is not fully eſtabliſhed, viz. that the late Earl of Chatham not only did not court a political negotiation with the Earl of Bute, but without heſitation peremptorily rejected every idea of acting with his Lordſhip in adminiſtration."

The propoſition here put, it muſt be obſerved, does not only concern Lord Chatham's rejection of every idea, &c. but involves in it a ſtrong implication, as if Lord Bute had deſired and propoſed to take a part in adminiſtration with his Lordſhip. Now I do not at all enter into the queſtion whether Lord Chatham did or did not court a negotiation with the Earl of Bute; but when I conſider the expreſſion in his Lordſhip's dictated anſwer to Sir James Wright's letter, that he *heard with particular ſatisfaction the favourable ſentiments on his ſubject of the noble lord* (viz. Lord Bute), *with whom Sir James Wright had talked*, and the following words of the ſentence, that *zeal, duty, and obedience might outlive hope*, even under the impending ruin of the kingdom; it appears to me that whatever ideas his Lordſhip might reject, he had not then reſolved to reject all ideas of negotiation with my father, conceiving, perhaps, from his aſſurance of hearty concurrence and ſincere good wiſhes conveyed in Sir James Wright's letter, ſome expectation of having the door of the cabinet opened to him by that hand, which, according to his notions, had always kept the key. I may proceed a ſtep further: It ſeems probable that Lord Chatham, at the beginning of the preſent year, was looking out for a negotiation with my father: for Mr Dagge, who was ſaid in one of the before-mentioned reports to be concerned in tranſacting a negotiation between the two noble lords, and who is an acquaintance of Lord Bute, happening to ſay in common converſation with a friend of Lord Chatham, that he had heard my father ſpeak reſpectfully of Lord Chatham, and give his opinion that Lord Chatham's ſervices muſt of courſe be called for in the preſent criſis; and this being reported to Lord Chatham by his friend, who heard it from Mr Dagge, his Lordſhip inſtantly concluded the words to be mean, as a meſſage to him from my father; but luckily his friend undeceived him in time; of which alſo I have my indiſputable evidence from a paper of that friend, who obliged me with it at my own deſire, but who cannot be ſuſpected of wanting partiality for Lord Chatham.—It is ſaid in

the authentic account from the evidence of Dr Addington's narrative, that Lord Chatham held a converſation with the Doctor at Hayes, in which the former *declared it was impoſſible for him to ſerve the public with either Lord Bute or Lord North*; but I believe nobody would diſcern, in this part of their converſation at Hayes, the ſhadow of a proof that my father offered to ſerve the public in a miniſtry with his Lordſhip, unleſs Dr Addington had added this circumſtance in his narrative as gathered from Sir James Wright's diſcourſe with him: ſo that at laſt the indiſputable evidence of this fact, ſo far as regards my father, reſts wholly upon Dr Addington's narrative, which hath been flatly contradicted in that point, again and again, by Sir James Wright. Undoubtedly the Doctor and Sir James would have been ſufficient witneſſes of the meſſage intended to be conveyed through them, if their accounts had agreed; but they differ ſo widely and eſſentially, that no evidence ſeems to have leſs claim to be called indiſputable. What other evidence then can be reſorted to in this caſe, but Lord Bute's relation of his own proceedings! This I am at liberty to give you in the following extract from his letter to Lady Chatham of the 16th of Auguſt laſt, dated from Luton-park.

"*Madam*,

"I AM happy in the opportunity your Ladyſhip gives me of relating to you all I know concerning a tranſaction, in which Lord Chatham and I have been ſtrangely miſrepreſented to each other, and concerning which ſo many falſehoods have been induſtriouſly propagated. When Sir James Wright communicated to me the very flattering language in which he ſaid Lord Chatham expreſſed himſelf concerning me, I was naturally led to mention my regard for his Lordſhip, and the high opinion I entertained of his ſuperior talents, hoping, from what was then publicly talked of, to ſee them once more employed in the miniſterial line; and collecting from Sir James that the knowledge of my ſentiments would not on this occaſion be diſpleaſing, I did not heſitate to expreſs my hearty wiſhes that this important event might ſoon take place. Some time after this I was extremely ſurpriſed with a converſation Sir James ſaid Dr Addington wiſhed to be reported to me: it was in ſubſtance Lord Chatham's opinion of the alarming condition we were in, and the neceſſary meaſures to be immediately taken upon it. As ſuch a communication to a perſon in my retired ſituation ſeemed only made on a ſuppoſition that I had ſtill ſome ſhare in public councils, it appeared neceſſary for me to dictate to Sir James my anſwer; in which, after lamenting the dangerous ſituation of affairs, unknown to me in ſuch an extent, I added, that this affected me the more, as my long illneſs and total ſeclusion from all public buſineſs put it out of my power to be of the leaſt ſervice.—This, Madam, is the whole I was privy to in this affair, and all that paſſed between Sir James and me upon it."

If any further explanation can be neceſſary from my father, reſpecting either the deſign or purport of his meſſage, he allows me to ſay, in his name, that he did (perhaps erroneouſly) conſider Dr Addington's repreſentations of Lord Chatham's manner of ſpeaking of him, (as reported at the time by Sir James Wright,) to be intimations thrown out by his Lordſhip, in order to know his (my father's) ſentiments upon the ſubject of his coming then into adminiſtration: for which reaſon my father did not ſcruple to ſend a meſſage by the perſon from whom he derived his information, ſignifying, that if L. Chatham was appointed to adminiſtration, the hearty concurrence of his judgment and ſincere wiſhes of ſucceſs would follow that appointment. He avers at the ſame time, that he did not conceive a thought of propoſing himſelf to his Lordſhip for any office, or of accepting any office with him, his own inclination having never prompted him, nor his ſtate of health admitted him to engage in public buſineſs, except on very few occaſions in the Houſe of Lords, from the time of his quitting the Treaſury in 1765; neither did he entertain an idea of ſuggeſting to Lord Chatham any arrangement of an adminiſtration; his wiſhes, and the communication of them through Sir James, having ſolely regarded Lord Chatham.

There is another paſſage in your publication, which appears to me more material ſtill, with reſpect to my father, than what I have already mentioned.—This is the copy of a note from Lord Chatham in his own hand-writing to Dr Addington, ſaying, "The next attempt 'he (Sir James Wright) makes to ſet-

'prise friendly integrity with courtly in-'nuation, let him know that his great 'patron and your village friend differ in 'this; one has brought the king and 'kingdom to ruin, the other would sin-'cerely endeavour to save it."

Here is a letter under the Earl of Chatham's hand, vouched to be such by the authority of his family, imputing to Lord Bute those counsels which, Lord Chatham says (whether justly or erroneously is not the present question), have ruined the king and kingdom. Every reader will at once have understood this imputation to be founded on Lord Chatham's opinion of Lord Bute's secret influence (as it is called), by which he has been imagined to dictate or controul the measures of the cabinet ever since the Earl of Chatham left it. Lord Bute has not been ignorant of the long prevalence of that error, having seen himself most injuriously treated in consequence of it, for many years past, by writers of pamphlets, news-paper essays, and political paragraphs; all which he passed over in silent indignation and contempt: but when he sees the same cruel mistake advanced and countenanced by such an authority as the Earl of Chatham, he thinks he should be wanting to himself if he did not encounter with the best evidence that can be supposed to lie within his reach.

There are but two persons in the kingdom who are capable of knowing the negative of that opinion with absolute certainty. One of them is of a rank too high to be appealed to, or even mentioned on this occasion; the other is himself. He does therefore authorise me to say, that he declares, upon his solemn word of honour, he has not had the honour of waiting on his Majesty, but at his levee or drawing-room, nor has he presumed to offer any advice or opinion concerning the disposition of offices, or the conduct of measures, either directly or indirectly, by himself or any other, from the time when the late Duke of Cumberland was consulted in the arrangement of a ministry in 1765, to the present hour.

Before I conclude, I must apprise your readers that I do not intend to set up for a news-paper author, or to answer questions, objections, or observations, or to engage in printed altercation with any person. I am, &c.

MOUNTSTUART.

Hill-street, London, Oct. 23. 1778.

To the PUBLISHER, *&c.*

SIR, *London, Sept. 1778.*

THE winter at Quebec being exceedingly long and severe, very little recreation consequently can be taken abroad, and people are obliged to seek for amusement within doors. The former possessors of that country (the French) are of all nations the fondest of cards; and have left that passion so strongly imprinted in their successors, that cards are their principal diversion through the winter. It is not to be doubted, therefore, but a great many disputes arise in the course of their play; to prevent which the following laws were instituted.

LAWS *for better regulating the* CARD-TABLES *in the province of* Quebec.

I. THAT as a perpetual grumbling is a key in music which pleases no ear, and as every person who plays is liable to lose for a considerable length of time: now, if any one in that circumstance shall, more than thrice at one sitting, declare, in a complaining tone, that she is the worst card-holder in the world; that no man ever played with such ill-luck as he; that they will never play more, or words to that effect; such offender shall forfeit three dollars for every such offence he or she shall be convicted of, after the third time only;- it being thought reasonable to allow some indulgence to the ungovernable passion created by bad cards.

II. That as, it is presumed, every man, both for his interest and credit, plays to the best of his abilities, if his partner shall angrily or peevishly upbraid him with want of skill or memory, he or she shall, for such offence, forfeit the sum of two dollars; but if the rebuke be accompanied with a redness of face, three dollars; and if with paleness and a trembling lip, four dollars.

N. B. As some gross blunders go to the quick, and mortals are but mortals, a suffering partner shall be admitted to say gently, "What a pity!—You quite forgot such a card was in or out.—I was afraid of what happened," and such like phrases; which will prove some small relief to the patient, and give a little vent to the boiling humours.

III. That as it is become fashionable among the fair sex, sometimes from an assumed consequence, and sometimes from an affected superiority they claim

above their peers, either by birth, fortune, or beauty, to uſurp the ſole prerogative of behaving on many occaſions with a degree of downright rudeneſs; and as the Card table levels all diſtinctions; every female, be ſhe maid, wife, or widow, who ſhall preſume either to ſcold, (be her mouth ever ſo pretty), or to look with a ſupercilious ſmile of ſilent contempt, (be her eyes ever ſo bright), on any one of the party, male or female, ſhall forfeit for each offence, the ſum of half a joe, (i. e. 18 s)

IV That as all card-players, when in good humour, diſclaim the leaſt degree of ſuperſtition, loſing players ſhall be allowed to gratify their diſtempered fancy, by ſhuffling or fuzzing the cards, changing their ſeats, turning their chair three times round, or practiſing any conceit they ſhall adopt to turn their luck And if any one obſtructs another in either of theſe particulars, he or ſhe ſhall, for ſuch offence, forfeit the ſum of two dollars.

The penalties to be determined by the majority of the company; and if the numbers be equal, the lady who affects the leaſt conſequence to have the caſting vote.

The money ariſing from the fines (which, no doubt, will account to a very conſiderable ſum) to be laid out on good ſecurity, to accumulate for the relief of diſtreſſed orphans whoſe parents may be ruined by gaming. *Scots Mag.*

To the PUBLISHER, *&c.*

SIR,

IN the courſe of reading many of your intereſting and ingenious eſſays, as well as other modern works, I have been frequently at a ſtand to comprehend the full meaning of many faſhionable expreſſions, and the ideas annexed to them, and being in company with a friend the other evening over a bottle, who is perfectly acquainted with the polite world, I prevailed upon him to give me a brief vocabulary of many words and ſentences that often occur in elegant life, and to which we who live at a diſtance from the metropolis, cannot be ſo early acquainted with as thoſe who reſide in the brilliant vortex of St James's. As I received conſiderable inſtruction from this vocabulary, I here tranſmit it to you for the benefit of ſuch of your readers as may be in the ſame predicament as myſelf.

I have not confined myſelf ſtrictly to alphabetical order, as in the faſhionable world I find what ſhould be the firſt thing often is the laſt, and the laſt the firſt; and therefore, as conſiſtency would, in this reſpect, be incompatible, I ſhall, without further preface, here preſent you with it.

I am, Sir,

Your conſtant reader,

A wou'd be Man of Mode.

A POLITE VOCABULARY *of faſhionable Words.*

Advice—Ridiculous to be given, and more ridiculous to be taken.

Admonition—An unfaſhionable word that is out of uſe.

Addreſs—The art of inſinuating one's ſelf into the good graces of a great man or a fine woman.

Abuſe—The life of converſation.

Adroitneſs—The art of cheating in a polite manner, and without detection.

Ambuſcade—In love, as in war, is taking the enemy by ſurprize; at play it is lying in wait for a pigeon.

Abilities—Thoſe talents that make a man reſpectable by duplicity, hypocriſy, and chicane.

Adultery—A very faſhionable amuſement for married ladies.

Amours—Are thoſe refined dalliances with the fair ſex, which the long robed gentry have deemed unlawful.

Ambition—A noble emanation of the ſoul to cut a reſpectable figure in life at the expence of your coach maker, jeweller, taylor, &c. &c. &c.

Alliance—In the marriage-ſtate implies a convenient connubial connexion, without the leaſt love or affection on either ſide, for the advancing of your fortune and ennobling of your family.

Adulation—That neceſſary hypocriſy requiſite to create a patron, or obtain a miſtreſs. It requires ſome aquaintance with Machiavel's principles, or at leaſt to have read Lord Cheſterfield's Letters with attention.

Adverſity—That ſtate in which all men, women, and children ſhould be ſhunned and deſpiſed.

Admiration!—This, though generally diſtinguiſhed by a note! requires no further note than that it cannot be introduced too often at a great man's levee, or a fine woman's toilette.

Adieu—An expreſſion very proper to be uſed to all the impertinence of prudes, the exhortations of moraliſts, the remarks of the reformers of manners,

pulp't oratory, ſermonizing diſcourſes, dull precepts, dry reaſoning, and diſagreeable reflections.

Beauty—The chief object and envy of all women, and the adoration of all men; to which every female votary ſhould ſacrifice health, decency, and even cleanlineſs, as many of the moſt capital heads and reigning toaſts of this metropolis can with truth teſtify.

Bienſeance—That accompliſhed effrontery which makes a man or woman ſay or do the moſt impudent and impertinent things with eaſe and politeneſs.

Baſe fidueſs—A moſt enormous crime, totally baniſhed from the regions of taſte and elegance.

Benevolence—That unremitted care and attention which ſhould be paid to monkies, lap-dogs, and parrots, in preference to all the reſt of the creation.

Back biting—An antiquated word for ſlander, to which we refer the reader.

Boaſting—A very neceſſary qualification for a man of real or imaginary valour, eſpecially if he be in the army.

Bijoux indiſcrets—Pretty baubles for the ladies, much in vogue at boarding-ſchools, but in little eſtimation out of thoſe ſeminaries.

Beau—An old faſhioned name for a macaroni.

Buſineſs—The great ſtudy of life amongſt the *beau monde*, divided between the toilette, the tea-table, the opera, and the quadrille table.

Bigamy—Frequently a very uſeful repetition of matrimonial alliances to a man of ſpirit in diſtreſs.

Brutality—An utter ignorance of the graces and the *tons* which qualify a man for good company and the polite world.

Bravo!—An Italian word very expreſſive of applauſe, and is frequently uſed when a woman makes a trip either into or out of the marriage bed.

Bel Dame—An antiquated maid, who gives lectures upon the depravity of the age, and ſecretly laments that ſhe has no charms to captivate, and no opportunities of being as wicked (as ſhe calls it) as the beſt of us.

Charity—A cold, inanimate word, that was much in vogue the latter end of the laſt, and the beginning of the preſent century, but is now only uſed for the ſake of oſtentation, in the liſts of public benefactions.

Coaſtity—A ha! ha! wall ſunk to nothing. Spoken of by the ancients, who were ſo weak as to make her a goddeſs; but ſhe has long ſince been baniſhed all polite circles, and is compelled to keep no other company than her hounds.

Character—Another queer word, when applied to a female, and was formerly almoſt ſynonimous with Chaſtity, but both words, in this ſenſe, have loſt all their meaning.

Civility—A bourgeois kind of politeſſe.

Captivate—To captivate, the inſatiable rage of every fine woman.

Coxcomb and *Petit Maitre*—are now happily blended in the preſent macaroni.

Cuckold—What every female of ſpirit is emulous of making her huſband.

Chicane—A very neceſſary qualification in many departments of life for both ſexes, particularly all thoſe who handle a pack of cards, or ſhake a dice box.

Curioſity—A very amiable recommendation in a woman, but inſupportable in a huſband.

Caution—Quite needleſs in the marriage-ſtate.

Ceremony—The etiquette of drawing-rooms, levees, and ruelles, according to the moſt poliſhed ſyſtem of good breeding, in which fawning and grimace ſupply the place of ſincerity and old Engliſh frankneſs.

Coquetry—A very neceſſary ſcience for every woman of taſte, according to the laſt improved ſyſtem, as ſettled at Bath, Scarborough, &c. &c.

Ciciſbeo—A uſeful member of ſociety, who ſupplies the place of a good-natured huſband, and the wants of a good-natured wife.

Cher Ami—Nearly ſynonimous with the former, with this difference, that the firſt pays his devoirs according to the Italian, the latter according to the French taſte.

Connoiſſeur—An adept at cards and other games, who underſtands all the operations and manœuvres as taught by Jonas and the reſt of his fraternity. Alſo a bad judge of bad pictures.

Dilettanti—A choſen few critics, who have eſtabliſhed their reputation for their exquiſite taſte and judgment in the polite arts, having travelled at great expence to know a modern from an antient antique, and a Corregio of Harp Alley from an original of that great maſter.

Dramatic Writers—The modern herd of pilferers from the French and Italian, who anglicize characters that were

never intended for the Engliſh ſtage, and their productions have all the requiſites for the drama, except fable, buſineſs, character, dialogue, denouement, and cataſtrophe.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Detection of an Engliſh *Traveller.*

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

YOU ſome months ſince gave us, in your Magazine, a review of, and ſome extracts from, a book publiſhed by one Williams, [V. xli P. 287.] which gives an account of ſome ruins of vitrified forts (as he calls them) which he pretends to have diſcovered in ſeveral parts of Scotland — The account he gives of them borders ſo much upon the *marvellous*, that it was no wonder the London bookſellers, to whom he offered the copy for ſale, reckoned it entirely a work of invention. For my part, from the ſample you gave us of it, I ſhould imagine it wrote in ridicule of the reſearches of our modern antiquarians, had he not brought the teſtimony of Lord Kaimes to corroborate his own, in affirming it a work of truth. Nobody, who knows his Lordſhip's character in the world, can doubt of this being his real opinion of the work in queſtion. But as this opinion muſt be founded upon other grounds than that of his own perſonal knowledge of the facts, I muſt beg leave to ſay he muſt be miſtaken.—But it will probably be thought preſumption in one who is unknown publicly to accuſe one of writing untruths, and whoſe writings are recommended by one of ſo great a name as Lord Kaimes, without having very good reaſons for doing it.— This I ſhall now endeavour to anſwer.

Finhaven, Angus-ſhire, where the author ſays he found one of theſe forts, is within a few miles of where I ſtay, and I know it well. I never before obſerved any ſuch thing there; but ſince ſeeing the account in your Magazine, I have been at pains in looking for this *very great curioſity*, not ſo much in expectation of finding it, but that I might with certainty be able to contradict it: And I can now, upon my own knowledge, poſitively affirm, that what he ſays of vitrified ruins being found there *is entirely void of foundation.*

This being the fact with regard to Finhaven, I leave any one to judge what credit ought to be given him in his accounts of theſe vitrified forts he found at other places.

The inſerting the above would, in my opinion, be doing a real ſervice to the true antiquarian, and would very much oblige your obedient ſervant,

AMATOR VERITATIS.

Forfar, November 6.

[The following ſimple Epiſtle, which we have printed literally (though we ſuſpect our Correſpondent is more rogue than fool), may afford a little amuſement to ſome of our readers of the jocular claſs.]

Sir Prenter,

THEY ſay, Sir, that ye prent leters for nething; gif this is true, gif ye like ye may do ſae wi' this. I live in a highland clachen, far frae the feer o' wars comin near my hut, unleſs the lad that cam lang ſyne com back again and diſturb us; but I think nane will ſend for him, for brunt bairns dreids the fire.—But whan I gang to the markit town, I heer o' aprehendin and comprehendin acts, and opreſſion getin place, as an act to mak up what they ca' fenſebel rejments, an few drums bating wi' goud on the tap o' them, and unco litel o' that gane. I canna ſay muckle about it, only the gude Lord o' Buklewg uſes the laſt way maiſt, and I trow is maiſt to comend fort; for its a ſhame to turn tenants out o' ther farms, and that becauſe they winna gar there bairns gang to be ſogers. I watt na what they are aye ſpeeking abut feghting for liberty ayont the ſees, and gieing us ſae litel liberty att hame, and takin awa the maiſt part we hae, and makin us as like the fok they ca' Afrikans as they can, excep the colour; to ſend our bairns to be kild wi' guns and ſwords againſt their wils.—I canna gar ane o' my pownies drink unleſs they like; and I am ſhure its beter to hae a hunder men haeing a wilin mind to feght, than twa hunder againſt their will. Twa o' my nibors, Sandy Camil and Archy Gordin, cam wi' tears i' their een, and teld me they bid ether part wi' their farms, or ſend thri o' their bairns to be o' thir fencebels; and they teld me that I might be glad that my bairns was na cum the length to be ſogers, or it wou'd be the ſame wi' me. I with the Lord aboon may fence our hilans and lowlans about, or a' our landed lords were like that gude Lord Buklewg,

wha diſna tak that hard way to gett his fencebels rais'd; for they tell us he'll no hae them againſt their will, and even bad anes he winna, tho' ne'er fae willin to gang and ſtay wi' him; he winna keep them; and them that does maiſt to get men, the ſtory gangs wi' us, that gif their farms binna gude, he'll eaſe them, or exchange them with theſe that haes better anes, and have ſhamefully kept back their help to aſſiſt him; and he winna tak nae money frae ony body to help him to get men; he maun be very rich, and whare he has gat his breeding I dinna ken, but it has na been in our part i' the country, nor may be no at court nether, for they ſay they ſeldom lern to reward them that deſerve maiſt there. I dinna like the French breeding, for I fear they would mak us a dance a wrang dance, and mak us dight their brogs, whan we tak litle thought that way o' our ain, and may be ſend us, and gar us live ayont the ſea, and gar us live on ſaat fiſh a lang time o' the year, and into the bargin mak us Popiſh. I dinna diſlike our great men to help our king, for he's nae ill, and could I win to ſee Buklewg, I'm nae that fail'd, an he wad gie me a wi bit land, and a bit clachen to bad the bairns, and a cow and a keily, I wad try my goucher's clymore againſt the French when he liket; but my wife Shannet ſays, he that aboon forbid it, for ſhe ſays they'll baith aprehend and comprehend me, and I'll neer ſee Glentroi agen.

Now, Sir Prenter, let me ken what this aprehendin is, and the deference of coming about me to comprehend me, and a' what may cum o' me gif I am catch'd, for they ſay honeſt foks as weel as rogs is put into a towbooth by them they ca' piece juſtis, and maun gang and feght whether they like or no. Jonny Chiſem reads ſum o' yur boks, and gif ye prent this, and gies me an anſer, he ſays he will tell me gif I can win to the Lord of Bucklewg, as he is every bit o' him ſae gude, and gude to his men he haes, and tho' Shannet nor Glentroi ſhude na ſee me for thri yeirs, I ſhall ſee him if yé ſay this act neid na hinder me.

At Glentroi, Septembir ſaxten day, 1772.

SANNY M'KLEARY.

ANECDOTES.

NAVAL CONTEST: *The* REGENT *and the* CORDELIER.

IN the year 1512, during the reign of King Henry VII. the nation being drawn into a war with France, a powerful fleet from England, and another of equal force from Breſt, met in the channel, where they engaged for ſome hours with ſuch ardour, that the victory for a long time was doubtful; at length the Regent, the largeſt veſſel in the Engliſh navy, commanded by Sir Robert Hewit, grappled with the Cordelier, the largeſt of the French, which the Engliſh boarded, and were on the point of finiſhing the diſpute, when her commander, finding himſelf overpowered, ſet fire to the magazine, and blew up both veſſels, ſo that 2000 perſons periſhed. This dreadful cataſtrophe ſo alarmed the combatants on both ſides, that the French returned to Breſt, and their opponents to their ports in the Channel. In the great church of St Maloes is a repreſentation of this battle in ſtone, which alſo ſerves to commemorate the French Captain, of whom they have made a Saint, under the title of St Donne, and he now holds a place in the Romiſh Calendar.

M. de CHOISEUL *and the* ALGERINE.

AT the time when Monſ. d' Ertree was bombarding Algiers, M. de Choiſeul was ordered to go and ſet fire to one of the enemy's ſhips: he undertook the dangerous enterprize with that intrepidity which he had manifeſted on ſeveral occaſions; but being overtaken by night, he found himſelf ſurrounded by ſeveral ſhips, and was at length taken priſoner by the Barbarians. His youth, rank, and courage, far from pleading in his favour, only irritated his ſavage enemies. He was ſentenced to be faſtened to the mouth of a great gun. An old pirate, who, having been formerly taken by the young gentleman, had been tenderly uſed by him, interfered in his behalf, but in vain. Shocked at the relentleſſneſs of his countrymen, he followed Choiſeul to the place of execution; and whilſt they were preparing to fire the gun, he runs to the unfortunate victim of their barbarity, and clinging his arms round him, "Fire away, ſays he to the gunner, ſince I could not ſave the life of my benefactor, I ſhall enjoy at leaſt the ſad comfort of periſhing with him." The Dey, ſeized with a kind of awful admiration, ordered the priſoner to be immediately releaſed.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A CONVIVIAL ODE.

FOES to mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Cold diſdain with look ſevere,
Sullen pride that ſcorns to pleaſe,
Hate and envy come not here;
Suſpicion fearful what to ſay,
Wary meanneſs, hence away!
Nor let the ſoul unhallow'd fiend of guile
His viper train conceal in ambuſh of a ſmile.

Sublime amidſt the various feaſt
Courteous Porcia ſits ſerene,
Thus the moon in glory dreſt
'Mid the leſſer ſtars is ſeen;
She, mindful of a ſtranger's heart,
Her bounty deals with gentleſt art,
And in her blythe and bright'ning ſmiles array'd,
The wine ſeems half alive, the very walls are glad.

Heed not now the wint'ry ſwell
Of torrents deep'ning on the ear;
Where plenty, peace, and pleaſure dwell,
Summer reigns throughout the year.
Trim the tapers, raiſe the ſong,
Lead the mazy dance along.
Let ruffian winter on the windows beat,
Full crown'd the goblet ſtands his fury to defeat.

Eugenio, good Eugenio, why
Is that half opening ſmile ſuppreſs'd?
And whence the ſtrange myſterious ſigh
That ſtruggles in thy lab'ring breaſt?
Another too! ah! now I know
For whom thy ſighs of pity flow;
Try, gentle Porcia, try thy ſoothing art,
The wretched *many* ſhare Eugenio's bleeding heart.

Wide and broad this vaſt world lies,
How fares it with its millions now?
Who cares or knows, the ſtoic cries,
And ſo cries ſportive Florio too.
Kind Sylvia, let me turn to thee,
For by thoſe tender drops I ſee
Thy gen'rous heart is not of ſtoic mold,
Nor leaves thine eyes the ſecrets of thy heart untold.

Keep far from me that chilly man
Who deems himſelf a ſage refin'd,
That neither grief nor gladneſs can
The rigours of his breaſt unbind.
And, Florio, ſpare thy flatt'ring art,
The world is miſtreſs of thy heart.
Let me not think it, for it cannot be,
The man to virtue cold will ne'er prove kind to me.

Spoke like a woman, Sylvia!—Now
Let ſounds ſymphonious warble near,
And hark! they come with trembling flow,
To chear the heart and charm the ear.
How well theſe varying tones agree,
Emblem of what the ſoul ſhould be.
'Tis virtue's ſelf that breathes in yonder ſtrain,
O ſons of men, how long ſhall virtue plead in vain!

Muſician, ſtay thy tuneful hand,
Superior excellence is near,
Diviner airs the ſoul expand,
And burn upon th' enraptur'd ear.
Eliza's golden rays impart
Th' elyſium of her matchleſs heart,
All-muſically ſweet, her life's a long,
And where Eliza goes, the graces go along.

Porcia, gentle Porcia, why
This cruel haſte to be alone?
All hearts are glad whilſt thou art nigh,
The walls will mourn when thou art gone:
The wine, the wit, the muſic too,
Borrow half their charms from you—
She goes with inſpiration in her train,
Yet promiſes in ſmiles to viſit us again.

MUSAEUS.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The CREATION *of* CELIA.

A maid unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
POPE.

O thou Nature's whole perfection in one piece!
OTWAY.

AS Jove on throne empyreal ſat,
I'o all-diſpenſing changeleſs fate,
A thought eccentric ſtruck his mind
When he ſurvey'd the human kind.
To Venus he addreſs'd his ſoul,
And thus his mighty accents roll:
" Among the ſons of men there's none
" Who do not neath ſome blemiſh groan,
" Deficient all in mind or face,
" In body or in mental grace,
" But come, the wonted path forſake,
" And one all-perfect let us make,
" In one united let us join
" All beauties human and divine."
The goddeſs heard; a ſhape prepares,
Adorn'd with ſoft celeſtial airs,
And ſoon produc'd before the throne
A *body* faultleſs as her own
In it ſuch peerleſs charms combine,
As ſpeak the origin divine.
Jove now through domes Olympian ſtrode
And thence thoſe female virtues drew,
That bid the *ſoul* with *wiſdom* glow,
With *Prudence* and with *Truth* o'erflow.

From thence he cull'd an *honeſt name* *,
A thirſt for *honour* and for *fame*.
A paſſion for *deſerv'd applauſe*,
A love of *virtue* and her laws.
To earth he bends his courſe again,
To ſcrutinize the rural plain;
And here he found, devoid of *art*,
Innumber'd charms to deck the heart;
He gather'd from this homely ſcene
The *modeſt eye*, the *look ſerene*,
Soft *innocence*, *good-nature* meek,
The native *bluſh* that paints the cheek,
That *guiltleſs uncorrupted mind*,
"So lovely in the female kind †,"
Where ne'er intrudes a vitious thought,
But chaſtely pure abhors a fault.
He from the court did next provide
Good-breeding, *wit*, and *decent pride*,
That *moving ſoftneſs*, *graceful air*,
Which only makes the faireſt fair.
To heaven the God again retir'd,
The nymph with all theſe charms inſpir'd;
And then exulting, loud proclaim'd:
"Be thou for ſenſe and beauty fam'd.
"Let mortals, ſtruck with deep amaze,
"Thy matchleſs merit ſee
"In heav'n,—thy name, which Celia is,
"On earth ſhall D——d be."

Banks of Avon. CLEON.

* *Nomen honeſtum.*—CICERO. † SWIFT.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HOPE. *A* FRAGMENT.

WHAT time o'er Nature's wearied pow'rs
Sleep her Lethean balſam ſhow'rs,
And unlocks each magic cell
Where the ſprightly fairies dwell.
Vag'ries ſtrange, and phantoms vain,
Mantle in the madd'ning brain;
Then releas'd from tedious ſtate
Purple pride and wild debate.
Dreaming monarchs ſeem to taſte,
Converſe ſweet and rural reſt.
Then the wretch whoſe ſhiv'ring limbs
The ſurly ſcreaming blaſt benumbs,
Bleach'd in tatter'd weed, beneath
Some oak, or on ſome blaſted heath,
Lords it in ſome princely hall,
Menials cringing at his call;
Velvet ſophas, beds of down,
Founts of Cupid-ſculptur'd ſtone;
And with mellow chaplets crown'd,
Gambling Bacchus dancing round.
The lover too, with pillow ſteept
In tears of brine he whilom wept,
Sees laughing loves the couch prepare
For the bluſhing yielding fair.—
HOPE, thou ſtar that gilds our dark,
Pilot of life's fickle bark;
Dear deceiver, welcome gueſt,
Traitor to the honeſt breaſt!
Thus, while toil'd and toſs'd about,
Slaves to paſſion, pleaſure, doubt.
Wearied of this ſtate, we roam,
Warp'd in maze of that to come,
Croſſes rough, miſchance, and pain,
Wedded in the womb to man,
And the REAL ALL we have
Betwixt the cradle and the grave.
Thus, thro' thee, whate'er we ſeem,
Life is, and ends in all—a dream.
For ſo, to ſpell our wayward griefs,
Our breaſts thou fill'ſt with fond beliefs:
Fond beliefs, and fancied treaſures,
Drolls and gambols, ſports and pleaſures.
Theſe, tho' diſtant far, appear
In thy perſpective optic near.
On flutt'ring fancy's motely veſt,
See theſe in gay diſorder dreſt,
Looſe floating, as the goddeſs moves,
Sprigg'd with a groupe of idle loves.
Impatience quick, with eager hand,
Charm'd faſt by patience' wizard wand,
And minc'd deſires, a longing crew,
Ever keen, and ever new.
Herſelf, bedeck'd in early flow'rs,
Tripping wooes the frolic hours,
And as ſhe friſks, in liq'riſh eye,
Topes the glad cup of golden joy. B. D—.

SADNESS. *By Mr* William Cartwright.
Written about the Year 1640.

WHILES! this ſtanding lake,
Swarth'd up with ewe and cypreſs boughs,
Do move with ſighs and vows,
Let ſadneſs only wake.

That whiles thick darkneſſe blots the light,
My thoughts may caſt a double night,
In which the double ſhade,
By heaven and me made,
O let me weep,
And fall aſleep,
And forgotten fade.

Hark! from yon hollow tree
Sadly ſing two anchoret owls,
Whiles the hermit-wolf howls,
All bewailing me!

The raven hov'ring o'er my bier,
The bittern on a reed I hear,
Pipes my elegy,
And warns me to die;
Whiles from yon graves
My wrong'd love craves
My ſad company.

Ceaſe, Hylas! ceaſe thy call!
Such, O ſuch was thy parting groan,
Breath'd out to me alone,
When thou diſdain'd didſt fall!

Lo! thus unto my ſilent tomb,
In my ſad winding ſheet I come,
Creeping o'er dead bones,
And cold marble ſtones;
That I may mourn
Over thy urn,
And appeaſe thy groans.

THE REVIEW.

A VOYAGE *to* CALIFORNIA, *to obſerve the Tranſit of* Venus. *By Monſ.* Chappe d'Auteroche. *With an hiſtorical Deſcription of the Author's route through* Mexico, *and the Natural Hiſtory of that Province. Alſo, a Voyage to* Newfoundland *and* Sallee, *to make experiments on Mr* Le Roy's *Time-Keepers. By Monſ.* de Caſſini. 8*vo. 4s. in boards.* Dilly.

THE famous peninſula of California is a part, and far from an inconſiderable part of New Mexico, extending along the borders of the Pacific Ocean, from the tropic of Cancer northwards, above a thouſand miles. It was diſcovered by the great conqueror of Mexico, Hernando Cortes. Our famous navigator, Sir Francis Drake, landed there, and took poſſeſſion of it in 1578; and his right was confirmed by the principal king of the country. This title, however, the government of Great Britain has not hitherto attempted to vindicate, on account perhaps of the diſtance of California, as there is no immediate acceſs to it by ſea, but by a long and dangerous voyage round Cape Horn. It is however well ſituated for trade, and on its coaſt has a pearl fiſhery of great value. The property of the country is claimed by the Spaniards, though their ſettlements in it are comparatively weak. The inhabitants are chiefly Indians, whom the Spaniſh miſſionaries have, in many places, brought over to *Chriſtianity*, if a certain groſs and wretched ſpecies of Popery can deſerve that venerable appellation.

M. Chappe ſet out from Paris, Sept. 19. 1768, attended by a ſervant and three other perſons, viz. M. Pauly the king's engineer and geographer, Mr Noel a young painter, and M. Dubois a watchmaker. Theſe gentlemen arrived at Cadiz, Oct. 17. where they were joined by Meſſ. Doz and Medina, two naval officers, and aſtronomers to his Catholic Majeſty. They ſailed from Cadiz Dec. 21. entered the harbour of La Vera Cruz, March 8. 1769, after a paſſage of eleven weeks. "This city is ſituated by the ſea ſide, in the ſouthern part of Mexico. It is ſurrounded on the north with barren ſands, and on the weſt with bogs, which have been drained. This makes the ſituation both diſagreeable and unwholeſome. The port is much frequented, eſpecially once in two years, when the Spaniſh fleet comes hither to unload the European goods, which are afterwards to be ſold, and diſtributed all over Mexico; and to bring home that ſilver, and thoſe immenſe treaſures, the thirſt of which coſts the lives of ſo many thouſands, and made the wretched ſubjects of Montezuma the ſad victims of the inſatiable greedineſs of the Europeans.

"La Vera Cruz contains no grand edifice. The governor's houſe has nothing that diſtinguiſhes it from the reſt, which are all built after the Spaniſh manner. There is one church and three monaſteries. The ſtreets are tolerably ſtraight, and of a common breadth. The town is encompaſſed with walls, and has four gates, each flanked with two towers. There are two baſtions at the end of the wall next the water ſide. Theſe fortifications are in a *ſad* condition: The beſt defence is the fortreſs belonging to the caſtle of St Juan de Ulloa. It is built on a rock, which riſes in the middle of the harbour, facing the town at ſome diſtance."

M. Chappe and his companions having provided themſelves with mules to carry their inſtruments, beds, tents, proviſions, and other articles neceſſary for a journey of 300 leagues, through thoſe dreary deſerts they were to paſs in their way to San-Blas, where they intended to embark, in order to croſs the Vermilion Sea, or the Gulph of California, they left Vera Cruz on the 18th of March, and arrived at Mexico on the 26th.

"Mexico, the capital of the province which bears that name, is ſituated on the banks of a lake, and built upon a fen, croſſed by a multitude of canals, conſequently the houſes are all built upon piles. The ground gives way in many places, and many buildings are obſerved to have ſunk upwards of ſix feet, without any viſible alteration in the body of the building; one of theſe is the cathedral, which I ſhall ſpeak of hereafter.

"The ſtreets of Mexico are very wide, perfectly *ſtrait*, and almoſt all interſect each other at right angles. The houſes are tolerably built, but not much ornamented either within or without; their *make* is the ſame as in Spain.

"There is no very remarkable edifice at Mexico. The viceroy's palace is in a ſpacious and pretty regular ſquare, with

a fountain in the middle. The only property of this palace is, that it is built very *ſolid*. No decorations are to be found there. Within its circumference are three handſome court-yards, with each a fountain in the middle. The mint ſtands behind this palace, and is a noble building. Upwards of a hundred workmen are conſtantly employed there in coining piaſtres for the King of Spain, out of the enormous maſſes of ſilver brought thither by the owners of the mines, who exchange them for coin. It is ſaid, about fourteen millions of piaſtres are ſtruck yearly in this mint.

"The moſt ſumptuous buildings are the churches, chapels, and convents. There are a great many in this city, which are very richly ornamented, and among others the cathedral. The rail round the high altar is ſolid ſilver; and what is ſtill more coſtly, there is a ſilver lamp, ſo capacious that three men get in to clean it: this lamp is enriched with figures of lions' heads, and other ornaments of pure gold. The inſide pillars are hung with rich crimſon velvet, enriched with a broad gold fringe. This profuſion of riches in the churches at Mexico is not very ſurpriſing to *whoever* has ſeen the cathedral at Cadiz, and the immenſe treaſures contained in it. Gold and precious ſtones are there laviſhed upon the ſacred veſſels and ornaments; and the images of the holy Virgin and other ſaints are either ſolid ſilver, or clad in the richeſt garments.

"The outſide of the cathedral of Mexico is unfiniſhed, and likely to continue ſo; they are afraid of increaſing the weight of the building, which already begins to ſink, as before noticed. I ſhall ſay nothing of the other churches; I believe there are as many as there are ſaints in the calendar.

"The city of Mexico contains three ſquares; the firſt is the Maior or great ſquare fronting the palace, the cathedral, and the market-place, which is a double ſquare ſurrounded with buildings: this ſquare is in the center of the city. The ſecond, adjoining to this, is the ſquare called del Volador, where the bull-feaſts are held. The third is that of Santo Domingo. Theſe ſquares are tolerably regular, and each has a fountain in the middle. To the north of the town, near the ſuburbs, is the public walk or Alameda. A rivulet runs all round it, and forms a pretty large ſquare, with a baſon and *jet d'eau* in the middle. Eight walks, with each two rows of trees, terminate at this baſon like a ſtar; but as the ſoil of Mexico is unfit for trees, they are not in a very thriving condition. This is the only walk in or near to Mexico; all the country about it is ſwampy ground, and full of canals. A few paces off, and facing the Alameda, is the Quemadero; this is the place where they burn the Jews, and other unhappy victims of the awful tribunal of Inquiſition. This Quemadero is an incloſure between four walls, and filled with ovens, into which are thrown, over the walls, the poor wretches who are condemned to be burnt alive; condemned by judges profeſſing a religion whoſe firſt precept is charity."

Our aſtronomer croſſed the gulph with ſome difficulty, and landed at the miſſion of San Joſeph, in California, on the 19th of May. The weather was favourable. He fixed his inſtruments, and on the 3d of June had an opportunity of making a complete obſervation on the tranſit of Venus.

Mr Chappe's narrative ends at this period; and the few remaining pages contain a melancholy account of his death, on the firſt of Auguſt; and likewiſe of the death of Mr Dubois, Mr Medina, and three of their attendants, occaſioned by an epidemical diſtemper, which raged at San Joſeph.

To this narrative is annexed the extract of a letter from Mexico, addreſſed to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, by Don Anthony de Alzate, relative to the natural hiſtory of that province. This is a ſuperficial deſcription of the natural curioſities of Mexico.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A POETICAL EPISTLE *to an eminent Painter.* 4to. 3 s. 6 d. *ſewed.* Payne, London.

THE age in which we live is certainly, with regard to England, not the age of poets. Whether a country ſhould rejoice at this or not, is a different queſtion; we only ſpeak of the fact. No writer has yet ſucceeded to the honours of Goldſmith or of Gray; the chair of Churchill is ſtill vacant, and likely to continue ſo. The preſent ſeems to be the age of hiſtory and politics. Our American troubles have made us a nation of politicians. Poetry is frightened away from us; or, if ſhe deign to lift her voice,

ſeldom riſes higher than an epilogue, or an heroic epiſtle, the ſcandal of the week, or the lie of the day. Even poetry is now *taken up as a vagabond*, and *preſſed* into the ſervice of Politics.

Our preſent author has employed her more agreeably, in compoſing the panegyric of her favourite ſiſter, Painting. The public are under no common obligations to him for his elegant performance.—The worſt we can ſay of the gentleman is, that he ſeems to be rather *unnaturally well* with two ſiſters at the ſame time.

This poem is addreſſed to Mr George Romney, and reflects equal honour upon its author as a friend and as a poet. It is divided into two parts: The firſt opens with an introduction to the ſubject, and proceeds to deſcribe the flouriſhing ſtate of the art of painting in this country. Our bard next notices, with true humour and poetry, the diſadvantages attending the modern painter of portraits, beſtows a ſhort encomium on this branch of the art, and gives a maſterly account of its origin in the ſtory of the Maid of Corinth. Some of the ills which await the portrait painter are thus enumerated.

" Nor is it pride, or folly's vain command,
That only fetters his creative hand;
At faſhion's nod he copies as they paſs
Each quaint reflection from her crowded glaſs.
The formal coat, with interſecting line,
Mars the free graces of his fair deſign;
The towering cap he marks with like diſtreſs,
And all the motely maſs of female dreſs.
The hoop extended with enormous ſize;
The corks that like a promontory riſe;
The ſtays of deadly ſteel, in whoſe embrace
The tyrant faſhion tortures injur'd grace."

The laſt couplet is ſingularly happy.—Its elegant alluſion to the well-known anecdote of the iron bed of Procruſtes, cannot fail to pleaſe every reader of true taſte.

Portrait-painting is thus beautifully traced to the Maid of Corinth; or higher ſtill, to Love itſelf.

" Oh! Love, it was thy glory to impart
Its infant being to this ſweeteſt art!
Inſpir'd by thee, the ſoft Corinthian maid,
Her graceful lover's ſleeping form pourtray'd:
Her boding heart his near departure knew,
Yet long'd to keep his image in her view.
Pleas'd ſhe beheld the ſteady ſhadow fall,
By the clear lamp, upon the even wall.
The line ſhe trac'd, with fond precision true.
And, drawing, dear'd on the form ſhe drew:
Nor, as ſhe glow'd with no forbidden fire,
Conceal'd the ſimple picture from her ſire;
His kindred fancy, ſtill to nature juſt,
Copied her line, and form'd the mimic buſt.
Thus from thy inſpiration, Love, we trace
The modell'd image, and the pencil'd face."

We could wiſh *art* had been aſſociated with a leſs general epithet than *ſweeteſt*, in the ſecond line of this extract; and we ſhould not have been ſorry had the laſt line but one been rather more muſical—a point in which this author ſeldom fails.

Our poet then proceeds to maintain the ſuperiority of hiſtorical painting, to enumerate the Grecians who chiefly excelled in it, to account for the failure of the Romans, and for its revival in Italy; when he takes occaſion to ſpeak, in the language both of poetry and painting, of the Italian, Flemiſh, and French painters. The firſt part concludes with theſe lines, not leſs juſt than elegant, upon the French ſchool.

" Tho' Freſnoy teaches, in Horatian ſong,
The laws and limits that to art belong;
In vain he ſtrives, with Attic judgment chaſte,
To cruſh the monſters of corrupted taſte;
With ineffectual fire the poet ſings,
Prolific ſtill the wounded hydra ſprings:
Gods roll'd on gods encumber every hall,
And ſaints, convulſive, o'er the chapel ſprawl.
Bombaſt is grandeur, affectation grace,
Beauty's ſoft ſmile is turn'd to pert grimace;
Loaded with dreſs, ſupremely fine advance
Old Homer's heroes, with the airs of France.
Indignant Art diſclaim'd the motely crew,
Reſign'd their empire, and to Britain flew."

The ſecond part of the poem deſcribes the birth of painting in England, and accounts for her late appearance among us; mentions the rapidity of her growth; weighs the different merits of her moſt eminent living favourites, and expreſſes the poet's wiſh to ſee his friend among the number, and his reaſons for hoping it. Our elegant writer then juſtly obſerves how much the painter's reputation depends upon a happy choice of ſubjects, ſome good ones are recommended from events in our own hiſtory, as well as from Milton and Shakeſpeare; and the performance concludes with its author's poetical prayers for his friend's ſucceſs, which we ſincerely hope no evil dæmon will diſperſe in air.

One of the ſubjects recommended is the affecting ſtory of Margaret, daughter of the famous Sir Thomas More,

" Shall Roman charity for ever ſhare
Thro' every various ſchool each painter's care?
And Britain ſtill her bright examples hide
Of female glory, and of filial pride?
Inſtruct our eyes, my Romney, to adore
Th' heroic daughter of the virtuous More,
Reſolv'd to ſave, or in th' attempt expire,
The precious relics of her martyr'd ſire:
Before the cruel council let her ſtand,
Preſs the dear ghaſtly head with pitying hand,
And plead, while bigotry itſelf grows mild,
The ſacred duties of a grateful child."

The concluding lines of the poem are theſe:

" May health and joy, in happieſt union join'd,
Breathe their warm ſpirit o'er thy fruitful mind!
To nobleſt efforts raiſe thy glowing heart,
And ſtring thy ſinews to the toils of art!
May Independence, burſting Faſhion's chain,
To eager genius give the flowing rein,
And o'er thy epic canvas ſmile to ſee
Thy judgment active, and thy fancy free!
May thy juſt country, while thy bold deſign
Recalls the heroes of her ancient line,
Gaze on the martial groupe with dear delight!
May youth and valour, kindling at the ſight,
O'er the bright tints with admiration lean,
And catch new virtue from the moral ſcene.
May Time himſelf a fond reluctance feel,
Nor from thy aged hand the pencil ſteal,
But grant it ſtill to gain increaſing praiſe,
In the late period of thy lengthen'd days.
While faireſt fortune thy long life endears,
With Raphael's glory join'd to Titian's years."

To this highly finiſhed performance are ſubjoined ſome entertaining notes, upon which we ſhould beſtow more praiſe had they contained leſs apparent affectation of the knowledge of languages. To underſtand them, it is neceſſary to underſtand French, Italian, Latin, Greek, *Spaniſh*. The language of Otaheite is almoſt the only one which does not grace theſe notes, and puzzle the gentle reader. In the republic of letters, there is the quoter of unknown authors, as well as the uſer of hard and uncommon words. Both are equally affected; and ſhould know, that to confuſe women and children, with the aſſiſtance of a dictionary and common-place book, is far from being difficult.

At the ſame time that the notes take ſo much pains to prove to us their author's acquaintance with foreign writers, the poem itſelf convinces us how thoroughly he is intimate with Engliſh authors, and how carefully he has formed himſelf upon the beſt models in our language. Of Goldſmith, Pope, and even Dryden, we were more than once reminded; elegant ſimplicity, correct imagination, real poetry, pleaſed us in more than one paſſage of this epiſtle. When ancient Genius charms,

——— " with ſpell ſublime,
The ſcythe of Ruin from the hand of Time,
And moves the mighty Leveller to ſpare
Models of grace ſo exquiſitely fair;"

we are in doubt which to admire more, the poet or the painter.—But to extract all the paſſages we approve, were to copy more than half the performance.

The faults we have to mark in it, beſides the affectation of the notes, are theſe: Senſe is ſometimes cruelly tortured and lengthened out, in order to fit the iron bed of ſound, on which are unnaturally engendered a few, and but a few, dull and drawling lines.

" I with inadequate deſcription, wrong"——
" And, with glee, marks them on her canker'd
ſcroll"——

with another or two of the ſame kind, ſtrike the ear more unmuſically becauſe all the reſt of the poem is ſo uniformly harmonious.

Rome ſhould not rhyme to *aſſume*—rather, it does not rhyme to it. We ſhould pronounce it like the Latin *Rom-a*, not like the Engliſh *room*.—In the article of rhymes this writer is as correct as in almoſt every other reſpect. *Hearth* is very properly coupled with *mirth*, and *verſed* with *nurſed*. Common converſation pronounces theſe words in too ſlovenly a manner, *nuſſed* and *barth*. He who writes in rhyme ſhould be able, like this author, to ſpell, as well as to count his fingers.

Of the elegant lines which compare the painters of modern Italy to their brother poets of ancient Italy and Greece, we would juſt aſk whether the compariſon be not run rather too far? Is there not, after all, more prettineſs than truth in it?

We muſt now quit this pleaſing publication. If the author do not prove that we have ſome capital painters among us, he makes it evident that we poſſeſs at leaſt one good poet. C.

FRIENDSHIP *in a* NUNNERY; *or, the* American *Fugitive.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* 5*s. ſewed.* Bew, London.

THE two volumes before us, like many of our modern novels, conſiſt of a ſeries of letters.—Our American Fugitive ſhould not complain of any want of her favourite *liberty*, in the nunnery in queſtion, ſince ſhe and her friend muſt have been permitted to divulge by letter all the ſecrets of the priſon-houſe, and and more perhaps "than imagination ever formed of gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire;" or we ſhould never have peruſed the preſent performance.

Its ſtory is this—Miſs Gerrard's widowed mamma, thinking the young lady too tall for her own ſchemes in life, ſends her to a convent. An intimacy ſoon commences between her and Miſs Smith, who is driven to board in the ſame convent by the American troubles. Miſs Gerrard, upon her mother's marrying again, takes the veil, in a ſhort time after Louiſa, a moſt beautiful French lady. An Engliſh nobleman, upon his travels, had been enamoured of Louiſa previouſly to this fatal ſtep, and did not afterwards drop his hopes. Louiſa and Miſs Gerrard become exceedingly intimate. By virtue of conſtant letters from Miſs Gerrard and the American Fugitive, to Miſs Freeman in England, we are made acquainted with the vices and allurements of convents, with the dangers which virtue and religion run within their holy walls. This intelligence is not new to the world, nor all of it perhaps agreeable to truth; but mothers and guardians may profit by what cannot eaſily be exaggerated, by what they cannot be told too often.

In a little time Lord D——, Louiſa's lover, viſits the lady abbeſs in a female diſguiſe; and, by the friendſhip of a cardinal, he and his friend Mr Venols are ſoon made prieſts, and confeſſors to the convent. They bring with them from Rome a dangerous and infectious fever, which ſoon obligingly thins the ſiſterhood, and gives opportunity to the two diſguiſed fathers to convey the dead bodies of two other nuns into the cells of Louiſa and Miſs Gerrard; and to convey them in diſguiſe out of the convent. The unfortunate American has before quitted it, upon gaining a trifling prize in the Engliſh lottery of 20,000l. The civil fever never preſumes to approach the parties concerned in this novel; the two confeſſors ſoon follow the ladies, and leave the infection to devour the few remaining nuns.

Upon the arrival of all the parties in England, Louiſa diſcards her titled deliverer, and goes off with an enſign, who made love to her in the paſſage from Calais.—Lord D——s, notwithſtanding his diſappointment, (for marriages there muſt be in the laſt page or two of theſe hiſtories), takes to wife Miſs Freeman; his friend Venols marries the American Fugitive; and Miſs Gerrard, after all, remains ſingle, that ſhe may have more time, we ſuppoſe, to write improbable novels.

The following extracts will ſhow the politics of this novel; and, at the ſame time, may ſerve as a ſpecimen of its ſtyle and language, which, to ſay truth, are of a ſuperior order.

"My countrymen were actuated by far different motives: they fought only to convince the king they loved, that his miniſters were *deceived* or *deceiving*, and to avert an evil their ſhoulders were unable to ſuſtain. This was the ſpark which the Scots ſoon blew into a flame; it was flying in the face of *majeſty*, to arraign the wiſdom of the *miniſter*—and whettening all at once by our ſide, we, poor Americans, with Engliſh hearts in our boſoms, and Engliſh blood in our veins, were proclaimed rebels.—Scotſmen ſurrounded the throne—Long live the *power*, the *will* of royalty, was the word—until the pleadings of parental tenderneſs were borne down—and two thirds of the Britiſh troops, reluctant, ſent forth to ſlaughter their brothers, and chaſtiſe the conduct they ſecretly applauded.—Hence all the Scots fugitives got into office (the navy and army ſaving them from famine and drudgery,) and with ſword in hand, as every bad woman is ſaid to hunt down a betrayed innocent, advanced to ſcourge us into ſubjection. But the true point of pity and ridicule is, that the Americans were repreſented to the ſovereign as an ignorant, feeble race, who would fly before a handful of Britiſh ſoldiers: the bravery and reſolution with which they fought under the Engliſh banner, during the laſt war, was wholly forgotten.—Hear theſe truths, ſaid the little Niobe—hear my wrongs, cried ſhe, burſting into tears, now that her rage had ſpent itſelf—and learn to revere a nation that will teach you, though ſorely againſt their wiſhes—no human power ſhall oppreſs them with *impunity*."

This, and much more of the ſame kind which theſe volumes contain, would make a capital figure in the moſt conſpicuous column of a republican print. The misfortune of it is, in our political novel, all this learning comes from a young lady who is "turned of fourteen." What may not be expected from the old men and ſages of that happy continent, when its maidens, its babes and ſucklings talk, and write, and reaſon thus! C.

The SPORTSMAN'S DICTIONARY; *or, the Gentleman's Companion for Town and Country.* [P. 143.]

BIRDS likewiſe form the ſubject of a number of articles; as a ſpecimen of which we ſhall lay before our readers that on the nightingale.

"The nightingale has the ſuperiority above all other birds, in reſpect to his ſinging with ſo much variety, the ſweeteſt and moſt melodious of all others.

"Nightingales appear in England about the beginning of April, none as yet knowing where their habitations are during the winter ſeaſon; and they uſually make their neſts about a foot and a half, or two feet above ground, either in thick quick-ſet hedges, or in beds of nettles where old quick-ſet hedges have been thrown together, and nettles grown through; and make them of ſuch materials as the place affords: but ſome have found their neſts upon the ground, at the bottom of hedges, and amongſt waſte grounds; and ſome upon banks that have been raiſed, and then overgrown with thick graſs. As for the number of their eggs, it is uncertain, ſome having three or four, and ſome five, according to the ſtrength of their bodies; and thoſe that make their neſts in ſummer have ſometimes ſeven or eight: but they have young ones commonly in the beginning of May.

"The nightingale that is beſt to be kept, ſhould be of the earlieſt birds in the ſpring, they becoming more perfect in their ſongs, and alſo hardier, for the old one has more time to ſing over, or continue longer in ſinging, than thoſe that are later bred, and you may have better hopes of their living. The young ones muſt not be taken out of their neſts till they are indifferently well feathered, not too little nor too much, for if the laſt, they will be ſullen, and in the other caſe they are apt to die, and at the beſt they are much longer in bringing up.

"Their meat may be made of lean beef, ſheep's heart, or bullock's heart, the fat ſkin whereof that covers it muſt firſt be pulled off, and the ſinews taken out as clean as poſſible; then ſoak a quantity of white bread in water, and chop it ſmall, as it were for minced meat; then with a ſtick take up the quantity of a grey pea, and give every one three or four ſuch gobbles in an hour's time, as long as they ſhall endure to abide in their neſts.

"When they begin to grow ſtrong, and ready to fly out, put them into the cage, with ſeveral perches for them to ſit upon, lined with ſome green baize, for they are at firſt ſubject to the cramp; and put ſome fine moſs or hay at the bottom of the cage, for them to ſit on when they pleaſe, always obſerving to keep them as clean as may be; for if they are brought up naſtily, they, as well as all other birds, will always be ſo; ſome ſuffer no day-light to come to them only on one ſide; others, more curious, line their cages on three ſides with green baize.

"For the diſeaſes incident to this delightful bird, as nightingales grow extraordinary fat, both abroad in fields, as well as in houſes where they are caged up, you are to obſerve, it is very dangerous when it begins to abate, if they do not ſing; therefore they muſt be kept very warm upon the falling of their fat, and muſt have ſome ſaffron given them in their meat and water: but when they are perceived to grow fat, they muſt be purged two or three times a-week with ſome worms that are taken out of pigeon-houſes, for four or five weeks together; and give them two or three ſpeckled ſpiders a-day, as long as they laſt, which ſpiders are found in Auguſt. If they grow melancholy, put into their water or drinking-pot ſome white ſugar-candy, with a ſlice or two of liquorice; and if they ſtill complain, put into their pot ſix or eight chives of ſaffron, continuing to give them ſheep's heart and paſte, alſo three or four meal worms a-day, and a few ants and their eggs; further, boil a new laid egg very hard, mince it ſmall, and ſtrew it amongſt the ants and their eggs.

"Nightingales that have been kept two or three years in a cage are very ſubject to the gout, in that caſe you muſt take them out and anoint their feet with freſh butter or capon's greaſe three or four days together, which is a certain cure.

"The chief thing that cauſes moſt of the diſeaſes, is for want of keeping them clean and neat, whereby their feet become clogged, and their claws rot off, which brings the gout and cramp upon them: be ſure twice a-week to let them have gravel about the bottom of the cage, which muſt be very dry when it is put in, as it will not then be ſubject to clog.

"Theſe birds are alſo ſubject to apoſthumes and breakings out above their eyes and nibs, for which you are alſo to uſe butter and capon's greaſe. To raiſe nightingales when they are very bare, give them new eggs, chopt very ſmall, amongſt their ſheep's heart and paſte, or hard eggs, and when they are recovered, bring them to ordinary diet again, that you may continue to maintain them in their former plight; but as ſoon as you perceive them growing fat, give them no more eggs.

"There is another diſeaſe incident to thoſe birds, called the ſtreightneſs, or ſtrangling in the breaſt, which proceeds very often for want of care in preparing their food, by mixing fat meat therewith; and may be perceived by the baiting pain they were not accuſtomed to, which abides in this part, and by his often gaping and opening his bill; it may alſo be occaſioned by ſome ſinew or thread of the ſheep's heart (for want of ſhredding with a ſharp knife) that hangs in his throat, or that many times clings about his tongue, which makes him forſake his meat, and grow poor in a very ſhort time, eſpecially in the ſpring, and when he is in the long-note: as ſoon as you perceive the ſymptoms, take him gently out of his cage, open his bill with a quill or pin, and unlooſen any ſtring or looſe piece of fleſh that may hang about his tongue or throat, and when you have taken it away, give him ſome white ſugar-candy in his water, or elſe diſſolve it and moiſten his meat with it, which will prove a preſent remedy.

"All that is to be ſaid more concerning this melodious bird, is touching the length of his life; ſome live but one, ſome three, ſome five, and others unto eight and twelve years; and they ſing rather better and better for the firſt eight years, after which they decline by degrees; but if they have good keepers, it will prolong their lives three or four years: and where there is one kept in a cage until that age, an hundred die; yet the care of ſome have been ſuch, that it has been known nightingales have lived to be fifteen years old, and to continue ſinging, more or leſs, for the moſt part of the time."

Under the word *Terms*, we are preſented with the technical terms and phraſes uſed by huntſmen and falconers. Under thoſe of Rabbits, Pigeons, and Poultry, the notable houſewife, we believe, will be gratified with much uſeful information.

In a work ſo multifarious, an uniformity of execution is not to be expected; but upon the whole, we may recommend this miſcellany as an entertaining and uſeful book to the young ſportſman; and it is the more valuable, that it preſerves many ancient paſtimes which are now diſuſed.

We wiſh, however, that the editors had not ſuffered ſuch paſſages as the following, ſo inconſiſtent with the practice of a true ſportſman, to eſcape their notice. Under the head, Hare-hunting, we are adviſed, "according to the ſeaſon and the nature of the place where the hare is accuſtomed to ſit, there beat with your hounds, and ſtart her; which is much better ſport than trayling of her from her relief to her form."—Likewiſe, under the article Shooting: "whether the game be *flying*, or in a hedge, or tree, always endeavour to ſhoot as near you poſſibly can, with the wind, and rather ſideways or behind the fowl than in their faces; *nor ſhoot at a ſingle bird*, if you can compaſs more within your level."

We alſo wiſh that many of the ancient, and now illegal methods of deſtroying game had been treated leſs explicitly; as poachers may thence be rendered more expert in their clandeſtine practices, and their number, perhaps, be increaſed. This objection, however, affects rather the tendency than the merit of the work, which, it muſt be acknowledged, contains more uſeful information, in leſs compaſs, than any other book on the ſubject in the Engliſh language. The volume is furniſhed with various plates of nets, pitfalls, traps, &c. and the frontiſpiece exhibits the repreſentation of a beautiful horſe, which, being marked in its different parts, with figures that are explained in the courſe of the work, ſerves at once for ornament and uſe. C.

[*Notes to Correſpondents in our next.*]